I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too. God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own bowels: I have led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd ther's not three of my 150. left alive, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Under the hooves of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet unrevengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal.* I prethee give me leave to breathe a while, *Turk Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in armes, as I have done this day. I have payd *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

Princ. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, i'le pierce him, if he doe come in my way, ſo: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, honour comes unlook't for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, *the* Prince, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Earle *of* Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, unleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will doe ſo my L. of *Weſtmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, i'le lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I de not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive

The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as
Where ſtaynd Nobility lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacre

Iohn. We breathe too long, come cou
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiv'd m
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſp
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at t
With luſtier maintenance then I did loo
Of ſuch an ungrowne Warrier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to us

Dow. Another King, they grow like
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. Wha
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King

King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowgl*
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met
And not the very King: I have two Bo
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Fie
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily
I will aſſay thee: and defend thy ſelfe.

Dow. I feare, thou art another Counte
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere th
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, En

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, o
Never to hold it up againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in m
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens th
Who never promiſeth, but he meanes to p

They fight, Dowglas fli

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grac
Sir Nichlas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent
And ſo hath *Clifton*; i'le to *Clifton* ſtra

King. Stay, and breath a while,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37